

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, December 29, 1810.

[NO. 10.]

ALBERT AND EMMA.

(An Interesting Tale.)

Continued.

Albert had listened in silent admiration to the words of Emma's venerable father, when Bernard ceased to speak, he thus replied, 'Could I offer a diadem to your incomparable daughter, she would by accepting is, confer, and not receive the honour. I would not have presumed to solicit her affections or her hand, could I have admitted a doubt of my father's approbation of a choice directed by reason and sanctioned by virtue. I will renew no more my humble suit till authorized by him to demand the hand of Emma; Farewell! my return hither shall be as rapid as the impatience of love and hope can render it.' Thus separated the venerable Bernard and the youthful Albert; nor could the moving rhetoric of the latter prevail upon the father of Emma to permit a parting scene between the

lovers. He wisely thought the impassioned adieu of Albert might leave an impression too tender on the heart of Emma, and which, as he foresaw, would endanger her peace of mind, if indulged; he therefore determined to use every argument, which could banish the flattering hope from her bosom.

Bernard returned not to his cottage till Albert had quitted the village; when he entered, Emma advanced to meet him, her eyes surcharged with tears; she presented him with a letter which Albert, retiring to write for a few moments before he mounted his horse, had ordered his servant to leave as he passed the door.— It breathed the language of eternal love, and assured her, that as he quitted her only to accelerate their union, she might soon expect his return to claim her promised hand; Bernard folding up the letter when he had read it, and putting it in his pocket, thus addressed his trembling daughter.

ter who waited silently her fate; 'Beware my child, how you suffer your heart to betray your happiness; trust not to the protestations of a lover.—An inconsiderate vow is more frequently broken than kept. You may be the present object of Albert's affections, but man, by nature inconstant, can easily transfer his heart to successive objects. The world will, probably, soon efface you from his remembrance; or should he even still retain his faith unshaken, can you flatter yourself that his family will admit into their society an humble villager, whose birth they would proudly deem unworthy their alliance?—Never shall my Emma's hand be united to a husband unsanctioned by the authority of his parents. Make, therefore, every effort my beloved child, to conquer a prepossession fatal in its tendency, and hopeless in its effects. You have never yet deceived me, and I have that confidence in your discretion, which persuades me you will not deviate from the path of rectitude; nor by a clandestine conduct, act unworthy of your own spotless character,' Emma sunk at the feet of her venerable sire, and embracing his knees, 'Never, never,' exclaimed, while tears rolled

down her pale cheeks, 'shall your child wander from the path of honour!—You shall guide and direct all her actions, your counsels shall fortify the weaknesses of her heart, and assist her to subdue every sentiment disapproved by you; and if she cannot immediately forget the conspicuous virtues of her lost Albert, at least, she will humble her ambitious hopes, which had the presumption to soar above her obscure birth, and aspire to an alliance to which she had no pretensions, but what the delusive voice of love and Albert awakened in her bosom.'—

Bernard folded her in his arms with all a father's fond delight: and applauded the sentiments, which flowed from a heart capable of sacrificing every inclination to that duty, which she owed him. Emma possessed a strength of mind superior to her years, and though she tried in vain to forget an object so tenderly beloved, she so far reasoned herself into a persuasion that the friends of Albert would never consent to their marriage, without which she was resolutely determined never to accept his hand, that she renounced every idea of being united to him, and banished the seducing hope of beholding him again.

While Emma was thus meritoriously submitting to the rigid laws of filial duty, fate was hastening to involve her in a snare more dangerous than that, which she had so nobly overcome. As she was spinning one day, in a bower of honey-suckles, near the gate of their little cottage, accompanied by one of her young female neighbours, the Baron de Morenzi passed by, on horse-back, and casting his eyes on the fair Emma, was so struck with her beauty, that he suddenly stopped, and dismounting approached the wicket.— Taking off his hat he complained of a dizziness in his head, for which he politely requested a glass of water; Emma arose, and tripping into the house, quickly returned with a chrysal draught, which she presented to him with a native grace that accompanied all her motions. He had, during her short absence, informed himself that she was the daughter of Bernard, who served him as under bailiff.— He accepted the cup from her hand, and while he swallowed the contents, he drank, at the same time, from her bewitching eyes, a draught which spread an irresistible poison through his veins. The baron was in-

debted to nature for a fine person, and to art, for that imposing elegance of address, which seldom failed to insinuate his wishes with success, when the dominion of a tender passion tempted him to gloss over his haughty demeanour with dissembled condescension. Just as he was returning the cup to the lovely Emma, who stood to receive it, with her looks bent upon the ground, to avoid the fixed gaze of his penetrating eye, Bernard suddenly appeared, and afforded his daughter an opportunity to retire into the cottage.

The good old baliff accosted his lord with a respect, while it acknowledged his superiority as a master, was unmingled with that kind of servile humility, which demeans the dignity of man. He had never before attracted the notice of the baron, who forgetting the distance, which birth and fortune had placed between them recollected only that he was the father of Emma, and might, perhaps, assist him in the views which he had formed to corrupt her virtue. Accosting him, therefore, with kind familiarity, he requested that he might take a survey of his little dwelling, which he should be welcome to ex-

change for one more convenient and comfortable. 'My lord,' replied Bernard, 'in this humble dwelling my infant eyes first opened, and here I would wish to close their aged lids.'

'But,' interrupted the baron, 'you begin to bow under the weight of years, and stand in need of rest and indulgence; I shall feel a true satisfaction in rendering your latter days happy.' 'Permit me to assure you,' said Bernard, 'that a life of honest industry, and uncorrupted innocence, has already insured to me that happiness in its closing scene, which an irreproachable conscience only can bestow, but which riches can never give.' 'You have a daughter, however,' interrupted the baron, smiling, 'too young to have adopted your stoical ideas.'—'I have a daughter,' retorted Bernard, 'who inherits her mother's virtue, and has been taught by precept and example, to follow virtue.' The baron replied, that he still hoped, mature reflection would induce him to accept the favours he was anxious to confer upon a man, whose respectable character, and long life of unsullied virtue, claimed a singular reward.

So saying, he mounted his horse, and returned to the castle, revolving in his mind, every practicable scheme for the seduction of the devoted Emma. He reflected that he never had beheld a female half so lovely; and as he on no occasion had accustomed himself to combat his inclinations, or subdue his passions, he resolved to lose no time in accomplishing his design. The humble situation of Emma, gave him in his opinion, an uncontroled right to her submission; but he was solicitous, if possible, to gain an ascendancy over her heart, by awakening with her gratitude tenderer sentiments; for this purpose he determined to wear the mask of hypocrisy a little longer, and then to attempt by every art of soft deception, to secure her affections in his favor. A week elapsed after the baron's visit at the cottage, without any renewal of his great offers; a circumstance that contributed to dispel those fears, which had been awakened in the bosom of Bernard, by the interview of the baron with Emma, and his generous professions of friendship to himself,—*professions*, so opposite to the natural ferocity of his temper. Bernard con-

sidered them no longer in any light, but in that of a temporary inclination toward humanity and kindness, which could not have root in a soil so barren. He pursued, therefore, without further suspicion, his usual labors: taking, however, the precaution never to leave his daughter without a companion, in his absence.

One morning when he had quitted the cottage about an hour, a hasty messenger from the castle terrified Emma with an account that her father was taken with a sudden indisposition as he passed the gates; and having been supported into the house by some of the domestics, who observed him sinking on the ground, the housekeeper had thought proper to send for his daughter, who, by being accustomed perhaps to those seizures, knew best how to treat them. The trembling Emma, alarmed to the utmost degree at a disorder which had never yet attacked her beloved father, delayed not a moment to follow her conductor; and taking the arm of her friend Agnes, who had been listening to her 'as she was reading aloud, proceeded with tottering steps to the castle, distant from her humble cottage about a mile.

(To be Continued.)

History of
KITTY WELLS.

(A TRUE STORY.)

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(Concluded.)

He no longer doubted her sincerity. Nature was in her face; she had testimonies of truth in her features and behaviour, which could not be feigned, and which he could not mistake. But this was not enough to deter him from an attempt on her virtue. He was the slave of passion. His habits had given such ascendancy to his desires over reason, morality and honour, that he was constantly in pursuits of objects of intrigue; and a mind not by nature vicious, was rendered so by indulgence.— He attacked her with all the violence of ungovernable appetite. He promised her immense sums, threw his purse upon the table, and used every art that desire or gallantry could invent to procure her compliance; but Kitty resisted him with the native dignity of innocence. She broke from his arms, reproached him with the baseness of insulting an unprotected female, whom misfortune, and not error, had put into his power; and overwhelmed with grief and fa-

tigue, she burst into a flood of tears : The hurry of her spirits increased the invitation of her looks. The blooming health that flushed in her cheek received a deeper tincture ; and the blood which seemed to be too copious in its channels, was warmed into a more rapid course. The gentleman was agonized with passion but he was checked by the commanding influence of modesty. He then endeavoured to calm her tumults, he spoke to her with the most gentle and compassionate tone, and he assured her that he would not dare to offend her more. She was hushed into confidence, and for a few minutes they conversed on the means of her going down to Eltham that night. The waiter was sent to know if there was any coach going that road ; he returned and informed them, that none would go before eight o'clock the next morning. This disappointment threw poor Kitty into the most excruciating state of mind ; He seized on this circumstance as a new ground of hope ; and under the tyranny of his erratic passion, he again importuned her to make him happy. She now started up, and in her simple but honest resentment of his beha-

viour, pulled out of her pocket her whole treasure, a few, very few remaining shillings, a nutmeg grater and a tumbler : From this she took and threw a shilling on the table, to pay her share of the reckoning,—‘ that she might not, (she said) be under the smallest obligation to such a villain.’ He could not help smiling at her simplicity ; but it concluded his prospects, and his hopes of seduction were now converted into the most fervent wishes to protect her. He again with much difficulty, and many asseverations, reconciled her to her seat ; and he procured her promise that she would take up her abode for that night in the tavern where they were, and in the care of the landlady, to whom he would speak, and in the morning he would take a ride down with her to Eltham, and assist her in search of her father. If they failed, he promised her upon his honour, that he would provide for and protect her till they could look out for a genteel service, and he would not harbour the most distant intention against her. With these assurances she seemed to be satisfied. It was now between three and four o'clock. It was the first day of the meeting of parlia-

ment, and he was a member of the lower house. This gay, unprincipled rake, was a man to whom a part of the constituent body of the nation intrusted their rights, and with all this foible or vice in his nature, he was a valuable, because an independent representative. He promised to return by eight in the evening, and after giving orders to the house, to supply her with whatever she might want, and intreating her to compose herself and remain in the confidence of his protection he left her. The poor unfortunate girl having had the experience of his ungovernable temper, and justly fearing, that he might renew his outrages when he had her again in his power, flew from the house on the instant of his departure. With a sorrowful heart she walked down Fleet-street; at the bottom of which she was perfectly bewildered, and stood crying in the middle of the street: She was however, directed across Blackfriars bridge; but by the time that she had wandered up as far as the obelisk it was dark, a very heavy shower came on, and she was wet to the skin. She asked her way at the turnpike, to Eltham. The people were

struck with her misfortunes; and an old man, after examining her very closely procured her a lodging for the night, at the house of a washer-woman, in the neighbourhood.—The gentleman who had left her in the bagnio, returned according to his promise, at eight o'clock, and on being told by the waiter, that she left the house immediately after him, flew into a vehement passion, and swore that they wished to secrete her. In truth he believed so, and with all his debauchery, he was exceedingly anxious to save her from their mischievous designs. He searched the whole house, and was only convinced from their patience while he did this, that the girl was gone away. The next morning he rode down to Eltham, and just as he was turning into the village he came up with Kitty, who had set off on foot at a very early hour, and had made her way to the place, without any further accident. The meeting occasioned considerable apprehension on the part of Kitty, but he dispelled her fears, by the openness and respect of his behaviour. The whole day was spent in seeking for her father, whose obscurity eluded their search,

and it was by mere good fortune that he traced him at last to a miserable hedge alehouse, drinking his pint of beer with some of his fellow-labourers. The father and daughter met one another with an honest joy, and the young fellow who but the day before did every thing in his power to ruin her peace of mind, now felt the most exquisite sensations on her recovery of her natural guardian, and he took the most generous interest in her welfare. He forced upon her father a twenty pound bank note, with which he might provide comfortably for Kitty's maintenance ; and within a fortnight, he procured her a service in the family of a most amiable aunt, to whom he communicated the story, and where Kitty now resides.

The SPECULATOR.

In consequence of the indisposition of the Gentleman who conducts the Speculator, we did not receive his production in time for this week's Miscellany. Therefore Number X and XI will appear next Saturday.

By following Virtue, you will insure happiness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Osnaburgh Torture.

WHO can read the following narration without feeling his 'blood freeze in his veins,' or without execrating the government which countenances such worse than savage murder. Let the reader remember, that Hanover belonged to the king of England, and that the fact is stated by one of his own subjects.

" Having heard much of the mode of torture practised at Hanover, called the *Osnaburgh Torture*, and which is supplied by executioners purposely sent for from that Bishopric, (the duke of York was then bishop of Osnaburgh) I applied to be admitted to the cellar in which the engines of torture are kept—as my introduction was by a high officer of the court, I had the honour of a seat near the judges. The person who was put to the torture that day happened to be a *female*, of family and respectable connexions, whose *husband* stood charged with some crime but had escaped from his executioners—they seized his wife to compel her by the torture of Osnaburgh, to criminate him and his connexions.

She was of the most exquisite beauty, and the judges feasted their eyes with a view of her person, already disfigured, by repeated questions as she lay extended on the *rack*, with only a loose garment thrown over part of her body. The Osnaburgh torture was applied in the manner related in Mr. Howard's narrative in all its exquisite *refinements*.—She persisted in her innocence. Her judges, the representatives of the elector of Hanover, celebrated for his domestic and social virtues sat unmoved, either by her beauty, suffering, or protestations. They ordered the executioners to vary her tortures—the cords were drawn to the shortest. *She was a mother!* From her beautiful and lovely, but agonizing breasts, forced by the extreme of her torments, *blood spouted*, and covered the faces and clothes of her judges. She still asserted her innocence—executioner, increase the *question*, was again the exclamation of those fiends of Hell; with the most piteous lamentations she begged for mercy. It was in vain—the executioner obeyed the mandates of his superiors, they *hove* once more at the rack—she shrieked, the name of her beloved *babe* and

husband murmured on her trembling lips—nature was totally exhausted by *shame* and *torture*—she expired. Good God, never shall I forget the dreadful moment! And is this, exclaimed I to myself, staggering from this *court of justice*, is it *my king*, who governs with absolute sway in this city!

Origin of Drinking Healths.

In England, was pertinent and sensible Rowena, a beautiful daughter of Hengistus, general of the Saxons; who having the isle of Thanet, given him by king Vortigern, for assisting him against the Picts and Scots, obtained as much ground as he could encompass with an ox's hide, to build a castle; which, being completed, he invited Vortigern to supper, after the entertainment, Hengist called for his daughter Rowena, who entered with great dignity and magnificence, carrying a golden bowl full of wine in her hand, out of which she drank, and in the Saxon language said, 'Be of health, lord King.' To this Vortigern replied, 'Drink health.' This is the first health which we hear of in history; and boasts an antiquity of 'thirteen hundred years.'

Love's Vocabulary.

Absence. How dear is my absence from you going to cost me! How tedious will the hours seem!

This signifies precisely, 'If I was always with you, my stock of fine speeches would be soon exhausted. I should have nothing new to say to you: when I see you again, you will like me the better.

Beau. A common word to express a medley character of coxcomb and fop; one who makes dress his principal attention, under an utter impossibility of ever succeeding; as may be demonstrated by the following plain syllogism, of which the air of pedantry may be excused for the sake of its justice.

No fool can do any thing well.

Nene but a fool will make dress the business of his life.

A fool therefore can never dress well.

And this is so strictly true in fact, that there never was, nor probably ever will be, a beau well-dressed.

This advantage can only be attained by the man of sense, far above either the weakness of making a point of his dress, or that of neglecting or even not consulting the proprieties

of it to his age, character, fortune, or station,

Beauty. Socrates called it a short-lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of Nature; Aristotle, one of the most precious gifts of Nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it. After this most scientific display of quotations all bristled with Greek names, may be added the definition of a modern author, who calls it, 'a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish,

Cruelty. This expression does not so much signify the insensibility of a mistress, as the impatience of a lover.

Cupid. The God of Love, born out of the poet's brains, who paint him a child with wings, a quiver on his shoulder, a bow in one hand, a torch in the other, and a bandage over his eyes; all which emblematically signify, that he is figured like a child, because those who deliver themselves up to love, part with their reason for the silli-

ness of that age. His bow and arrows denote his power to wound and pierce : the bandage over his eyes, his blindness ; the torch, a light he carries for others, and not himself ; his wings, his inconstancy.

Coquette. One who wants to engage the men without engaging herself ; whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, amiable ; though a composition of levity and vanity.

Danglers. An insipid tribe of triflers, with whom the women divert themselves, in perfect innocence, when they have nothing better to do. They are in a class of beings beneath their monkeys, parrots, and lap-dogs.

LOVE. Love is that noble, genial, and warm affection of mind, excited by amiable objects, that, while it exalts the soul, communicates inexpressible delight to every part of the human frame. It is the soul of virtue, the divinity that stirs within us, the grand enjoyment of superior natures ; a great portion of which mankind are suffered to participate ; it was the spring of creation, and continues to support it. From this source an infinite variety of streams branch

forth. It is piety, devotion, philanthropy, charity, benevolence, friendship ; and in fine, it is that passion peculiar to the human species, which, from its superior liveliness, obtains the very name of LOVE.

This last species of LOVE is a passion of the mind, depending, however, on the distinction of the sex, and is the emotion that is raised by qualities in the object, which excite the highest pleasurable sensations. It is sometimes a pure, but oftener a mixed passion. It's nobler when pure, but not culpable when it is mixed. In the former, the happiness of its object is the highest gratification ; in the latter, selfish desires predominate. The mixed passion is so agreeable to the mixed nature of mankind, and so attractive, that the purer, being with difficulty distinguished, becomes the object of suspicion ; and indeed the existence of Platonic love is nearly banished from the belles of polite society.

The King of Spain and the king of England lately laid *their heads together*, to make a dollar pass for four shillings and ninepence ; which proves that 'two heads are better than one.'

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

*'Mirth, I yield me to thy sway,
 Charm the canker care away.'*

At a party at Mrs. Thrale's, the company being warmly engaged in conversation, the fair hostess forgetting to put any tea into the pot, filled it with water, and poured it out to the company. This instance of absence was remarked by Dr. Johnson, who, in his pompous way, instantly exclaimed, 'Madam, in your own imagination you may have been making tea, while in the opinion of your friends, you have been making water.'

Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a kid, which he was carrying to market. 'See,' says one of them, 'what a pretty little goat! but he has no horns.'—*Ladies,* said the rustic, *he is not married.*

In a bookseller's catalogue appears the following article: *Memoirs of Charles the I. with a head capitally executed.*

A young Lady taking the air on horseback one day, accompanied by a servant, her horse took fright and suddenly threw her. Miss, however, by a dexterous spring, soon regained her saddle, and, with an air of triumph, exclaimed, 'John! did you see my agility?' 'I believe I did, Madam,' replied the fellow, looking rather sheepishly, 'but I did not know it got that name before.'

A gentleman some years since being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons upon his knees, when he rose up, brushed the knees of his small-clothes, saying, *I never was in so dirty a house in my life.*

Under a print of a churchwarden's feast, with the parson of the parish seated at the head of the table, habited in his canonicals, and armed with a tremendous carving knife, cutting up a haunch of venison was the following motto from Shakespeare's *Richard 3d.*

'For this among the rest was I ordained'

A lady of quality desired her butler to be very saving of an excellent tap of *small beer*, and asked him how it could be preserved? 'Why, my lady,' replied the footman, 'by placing a good barrel of ale by it.'

The most wonderful effects of preaching that we read of are recorded in the works of an Italian monk, who, speaking of St. Francis Xavier, says that by one sermon he converted ten thousand persons, *in a desert island!*

Dean Swift, being on a visit to a gentleman in the north, the gentleman took him over his ground; where meeting a man who was considered as a wit, the Dean had a mind to try him, and, observing his horse to have a white face, asked him what made it so? 'When you look through a *kemp* leather as long as he has done, you will have a white face too,' replied the old man.

A physician, boasting of his great knowledge in his profession, said he never heard any complaints from his patients after he had paid them a few visits. A person present wittily replied, 'very likely Doctor, for the *mistakes* of the physicians are generally *buried* with their patients.'

He that abounds in riches, good cheer, dogs, horses, equipage, fools and flatterers, must certainly be a great man.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, December 29, 1810.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the time."*

The Board of Direction of the Orphan Asylum Society, acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of 414 dolls. 23 cents, being the amount of the Collection made for their benefit in Grace Church, on Sunday last.

Boston, Dec. 22.

Fire.—Early yesterday morning an alarm was given on the discovery of fire in the rear of Nos. 35 and 37, Marlborough-street, which in a short time destroyed a large part of the interior of those houses, and No. 35, adjoining. The place where the fire originated, or its cause, are not known. No. 36 was improved by Messrs. Copenhagen and Kummer, as a Confectionary; No. 37 was occupied as a tavern and stage-house, sign of the Indian Queen. No. 35 by Messrs A and S. Archibald, English Goods Store.

We understand that Daniel Mahon, a private in the corps of Marines, who was charged, before a court martial composed of marine officers, with mutiny, in having run a bayonet through the body of Lieut. Wainwright with intent to kill him, was convicted by the court and sentenced to death: but recommended to the mercy of the President in consequence of some symptoms of insanity which occasionally appeared in his conduct and manners. The President accordingly was pleased to pardon this offender, and on the 13th inst. he was brought upon parade under guard, where in the presence of the commander the pardon was read, and, after an impressive admonition, delivered by the order of the commanding officer, was discharged.

Nat. Intell.

Captain Marschaik, of the ship *Ceres*, from London, was informed on the 4th of November, at Gravesend, that the princess Amelia was dead.

Raleigh, Dec. 13.

Suspected murder. On Tuesday night the wife of Wm. Sears, in the neighbourhood of the Fish Dam Ford, Wake county, was strangled to death. Sears himself alarmed the neighbours, and said his wife died by suffocation—but from some hints dropped from his son, the father has been suspected and apprehended for committing the deed.

Charleston, Dec. 11, 1810.

An Inquest was held this morning, before James Browne, esq. City Coroner, on the body of a seaman, named George D. Dunham, a native of Newport, R. I. It appeared that the deceased, being intoxicated, had been fighting in a house of ill fame, in Chalmers's Alley, was severely beaten, and violently thrown into the street; and that he died of the wounds and bruises he received, in the course of the night. The Jury bro't in a verdict, that he came to his death by violence, committed by some person or persons unknown.

Gustavus De Witt, a Dane or Swede, was lately hung at Campeachy as a spy. He went from New York to that place, and in his possession was found several incendiary letters, and letters of credit to an immense amount.

MARRIED,

On Monday last, by the Rev. Mr. Ralph Williston, Mr. Abraham Van Nostrand, to Miss Eliza Myers, daughter of James I. Myers, esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. James Kelso, mer. to Miss Helen Henry, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kaypers, Mr. John F. Morrell, to Miss Isabella Clark.

At Newport, (R. I.) on the 9th inst. Mr. John Hughes of this city, to Miss Mary E. Hawkins of that place.

At Charleston, on the 11th inst. Samuel Rose, esq. of this city, to Miss Ann Duncan, only daughter of John Duncan, esq. of the former place.

At Danbury, Conn. on the 6th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Goodrich, the Rev. Henry P. Strong, to Miss Laura Clark.

At Lenox, Mass. on the 26th ult. Mr. Ephraim Starr, of the house of Starr, Sheldon & Co. merchants of Albany, to Miss Sarah Goodwin, daughter of Joseph Goodwin, esq. of the former place.

At Canterbury, Mr. Samuel L. Hough, to Miss Betsey Adams, daughter of deacon Cornelius Adams.

DIED,

On Saturday last, Mrs. Joanna Bleeker, wife of Mr. Leonard Bleeker.

On Monday last, after a short illness, Mrs. Catharine Willess, wife of William Willess, esq. aged 51 years and 8 months.

At his seat, at Bloomingdale, on Monday evening the 24th inst. Mr. Samuel Huke.

On Wednesday last, Mr. George Lampkin.

At Wethersfield, on the 7th inst. Mrs. Jane Riley, aged 68, relict of capt. Asabel Riley.

At Enfield, Mrs. Martha Eliot, widow of the late Rev. Andrew Eliot.

At Donaldsonville, (La Pouche) on the 4th inst. Dr. J. A. Woodward of this city, aged 29 years.

At Baltimore, Mrs. Elizabeth Presbury, wife of George G. Presbury, Esq.

At New-Orleans, Mr. John Yarnell, commander of the ship Benjamin Franklin, and, Mr. John Mesier, of N. York.

At York, Vir. the Hon. Cyrus Griffin, Judge of the United States Court for the District of Virginia.



*"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The D***.

There is a subject Painters stick at,
They know not how to form Old Nick;
With cloven feet, they often draw him,
And sometimes Horn him, Tail him,
Claw him ;
Pshaw ! nonsense all, 'tis very uncivil :
Draw *my wife* a frowning that's the
Devil.

New-York, Dec. 22.

From the Rural Visitor.

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

By the Mother.

**Alas, thou sweet innocent ! whose early
 day,
 Misfortune shrouded cheerless and
 forlorn !
 Sad were the auspices whose languid
 ray
 Gleam'd on the hapless hour when
 thou wast born.**

No tender father gaz'd with fondest care,
Or pour'd forth blessings on thy in-
fant head.

Caught from thy mother's glist'ning
eye the tear,
Which love and sympathy and rap-
ture shed.

Thoughtless of care and ignorant of ill,
Soft peace and innocence and ease are
thine :

Sweet thou can'st sleep! while fondly
gazing still,

To feel, to suffer, to regret, are mine.

Oh, while I hold thee to my widow'd
breast.

What keen sensations rise and mingle there !

Fain would the sigh of anguish be sup-
prest,

In the soft fondness of maternal care.

For blest be Heaven who heard my ar-
dent pray'r,

Spar'd thy dear life, and gave thee to
my arms,

Gave me thy smiles the lonely hours to
cheer.

When ev'ry earthly joy had lost its charms.

Still sweetly smile upon thy mother's
tears.

Thou dear loved image of her better
part !

And never may the woes, the painful
fears

Which pant in hers, invade thy peace-
ful heart. 6.

IMPROMPTU.

*To the Poor Weaver who wrote some
lines on Sleep.*

Poetic Weaver, write again !

Forego thy loom, and take the pen !

Perchance thou didst not *there* excel,

But *here*, 'tis plain—thou writest well ;

Then spurn thy trade, that toil refuse.

And weave thy garlands for the must.

THE
COTTER'S *Saturday Night.*

By Robert Burns.

Inscribed to R. A——, Esq.

*Let not Ambition mock their usual toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful
smile,
The short and simple annals of the
Poor.*

MY lov'd, my honour'd much respected
friend !

No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
end,

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem
and praise :

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd
scene,

The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways,

What A—— in a Cottage would
have been ;

Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far hap-
pier there I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry
sugh ;

The short'ning winter-day is near a
close ;

The miry beasts retreating frae the
pleugh :

The black'ning trains o' craws to
their repose :

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an
end,

Gollects his spades, his mattocks, and
his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,

Lid weary, o'er the moor, his course
does homeward bend.

(To be Con.)

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the pleasure of this art, on moderate
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End of
year

1810